

POETICAL SELECTIONS FOR
JUNIOR STUDENTS



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TORONTO

POETICAL SELECTIONS
FOR
JUNIOR STUDENTS

EDITED BY

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PREFACE.

THE Selections in this little volume are intended for the use of pupils of Lower Secondary Schools. The Compiler hopes that teachers will find in it most of their old favourites, and a considerable number of pieces with which they are not so familiar. His endeavour has been to give such selections only as would be likely to interest the young, and to lead them on as in a garden, from flower to flower.

The art of learning by heart has fallen of late years into undeserved disuse. Great attention should be given to this point, and *after* each piece has been studied and thoroughly understood it should be learnt by heart. Teachers cannot be too careful in compelling their pupils, while reciting, to speak slowly and with the proper accent and emphasis.

C. M. B.

MADRAS,
October, 1902.



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POETICAL SELECTIONS

FOR

JUNIOR STUDENTS.

The Pond.

THERE was a round pond, and a pretty pond too ;
About it white daisies and violets grew,
And dark weeping willows, that stoop to the ground,
Dipped in their long branches, and shaded it round.

A party of ducks to this pond would repair, 5
To feast on the green water-weeds that grew there :
Indeed, the assembly would frequently meet
To discuss their affairs in this pleasant retreat.

Now, the objects on which they were wont to converse
I'm sorry I cannot include in my verse ; 10
For, though I've oft listened in hopes of discerning,
I own 'tis a matter that baffles my learning.

One day a young chicken that lived thereabout
Stood watching to see the ducks pass in and out,
Now standing tail upward, now diving below : 15
She thought of all things she should like to do so.

So the poor silly chick was determined to try ;
She thought 'twas as easy to swim as to fly ;
Though her mother had told her she must not go near,
She foolishly thought there was nothing to fear. 20

SELECTIONS FOR JUNIOR STUDENTS.

"My feet, wings, and feathers, for aught that I see,
 As good as the ducks' are for swimming," said she;
 "Though my beak is pointed, and their beaks are round,
 Is that any reason that I should be drowned?"

"Why should I not swim, then, as well as a duck?" 25
 "I think I shall venture, and e'en try my luck!
 For," said she—spite of all her mother had taught
 her—

"I'm really remarkably fond of the water."

So in this poor ignorant animal flew,
 But soon found her dear mother's cautions were true: 30
 She splashed, and she dashed, and she turned herself
 round,

And heartily wished herself safe on the ground.

But now 'twas too late to begin to repent;
 The harder she struggled the deeper she went,
 And when every effort had vainly been tried. 35
 She slowly sunk down to the bottom and died!

The ducks, I perceived, began loudly to quack
 When they saw the poor fowl floating dead on its back;
 And, by their grave gestures and looks, 'twas apparent,
 They discoursed on the sin of not minding a parent. 40

JANE TAYLOR.

The Child's First Grief.

"O. CALL my brother back to me;
 I cannot play alone;
 The summer comes with flowers and bee—
 Where is my brother gone?"

“The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track :
I care not now to chase its flight,
O, call my brother back !

“The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
Around our garden-tree ;
Our vine is drooping with its load ;
O, call him back to me !

“He would not hear my voice, fair child,
He may not come to thee ;
The face that once like spring-time smiled
On earth no more thou'lt see.

“A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given ;
Go—thou must play alone, my boy—
Thy brother is in heaven !”

“And has he left the birds and flowers ?
And must I call in vain ?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again ?

“And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er ?
O, while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more !”

FELICIA D. HEMANS.

The Glories of God in Creation.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame
Their great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied Sun from day to day, 5
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wond'rous tale, 10
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll, 15
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball !
What though no real voice, or sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ! 20

In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

The Better Land.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land :
Thou callest its children a happy band ;
Mother ! oh where is that radiant shore ?—
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows, 5
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs ?"
"Not there, not there, my child !"

“Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?”
“Not there, not there, my child!”

“Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?”
“Not there, not there, my child!”

“Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!”

HEMANS.

King Canute.

UPON his royal throne he sat,—
In a monarch's thoughtful mood;
Attendants on his regal state
His servile courtiers stood,
With foolish flatteries, false and vain,
To win his smile, his favour gain.

They told him e'en the mighty deep
His kingly sway confessed ;
That he could bid its billows sweep
Or still its stormy breast ! 10
He smiled contemptuously, and cried,
" Be then my boasted empire tried ! "

Down to the sounding ocean's shore
The proud procession came,
To see its billows' wild uproar, 15
King Canute's power proclaim ;
Or, at his high and dread command
In gentle murmurs kiss the strand.

Not so thought he, their noble king,
As his course he seaward sped, . 20
And each base slave, like a guilty thing,
Hung down his conscious head :—
He knew the ocean's Lord on high !
They, that he scorned their senseless lie.

His throne was placed by ocean's side, 25
He lifted his sceptre there ;
Bidding, with tones of kingly pride,
The waves their strife forbear :—
And while he spoke his royal will,
All but the winds and waves were still : 30

Louder the stormy blast swept by,
In scorn of his idle word
The briny deep its waves tossed high
By his mandate undeterred,
As threatening, in their angry play, 35
To sweep both king and court away.

The monarch with upbraiding look,
 Turned to the courtly ring;
 But none the kindling eye could brook
 Even of his earthly king; 40
 For in that wrathful glance they see
 A mightier Monarch wronged than he!

Canute! thy royal race is run;
 Thy name had passed away,
 But for the meed this tale hath won, 45
 Which never shall decay:
 Its meek, unperishing renown,
 Outlasts thy sceptre and thy crown.

The Persian, in his mighty pride,
 Forged fetters for the main; 50
 And when its floods his power defied
 Inflicted stripes as vain;—
 But it was worthier far of thee
 To know thyself than rule the sea.

BARTON.

The Reaper and the Flowers.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
 And with his sickle keen,
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the flowers that grow between.

“Shall I have nought that is fair?” saith he; 5
 “Have nought but the bearded grain?
 Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
 I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves; 10
It was for the Lord of Paradise,
He bound them in his sheaves.

“My Lord hath need of these flowrets gay,”
The Reaper said and smiled;
“Dear tokens of the earth are they, 15
Where he was once a child.

“They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.” 20

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O not in cruelty, not in wrath, 25
The Reaper came that day;
’Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

WILLIAM W. LONGFELLOW.

The Spider and the Fly.

“WILL you walk into my parlour?” said the Spider to
the Fly,
“’Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did
spy;
The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things to show when you
are there.”

"Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "to ask me is in
vain ;
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come
down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up
so high ;
Will you rest upon my little bed ?" said the Spider to
the Fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets
are fine and thin ;
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you
in !"

"Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "for I've often heard
it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your
bed !"

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly, "Dear friend,
what can I do

To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you ?
I have, within my pantry, good store of all that's
nice ;

I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take
a slice ?"

"Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "kind sir, that cannot
be,
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to
see !"

"Sweet creature," said the Spider, "you're witty and
your wise ;
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are
your eyes !

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold
yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're
pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another
day."

The Spider turned him round about, and went into his
den, 25

For well he knew the silly Fly would soon be back
again;

So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the Fly.

Then he came out to his door again, and merrily did
sing,—

"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl and
silver wing; 30

Your robes are green and purple, there's a crest upon
your head;

Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are
dull as lead."

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting
by:

With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and
nearer drew,— 35

Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and
purple hue;

Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing!
At last,

Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely held her
fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal
den,
Within his little parlour—but she ne'er came out
again!

40

MARY HOWITT.

Speak Gently.

SPEAK gently ! it is better far
To rule by love than fear ;
Speak gently ! let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently ! Love doth whisper low 5
The vows that true hearts bind ;
And gently friendship's accents flow—
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child—
Its love be sure to gain ; 10
Teach it in accents soft and mild—
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear :
Pass through this life as best they may, 15
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one—
Grieve not the care-worn heart ;
The sands of life are nearly run—
Let such in peace depart. 20

Speak gently, kindly to the poor—
Let no harsh tone be heard ;
They have enough they *must* endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring—know 25
 They must have toiled in vain :
 Perchance unkindness made them so—
 Oh, win them back again !

Speak gently ! He who gave his life
 To bend man's stubborn will, 30
 When elements were in fierce strife,
 Said to them, " Peace ! be still."

Speak gently ! 'tis a little thing,
 Dropped in the heart's deep well ;—
 The good, the joy that it may bring, 35
 Eternity shall tell.

BATES.

William Tell.

COME, list to me, and you shall hear
 A tale of what befell
 A famous man of Switzerland—
 His name was William Tell.
 Near Reuss's bank, from day to day, 5
 His little flock he led ;
 By prudent thrift, and hardy toil,
 Content to earn his bread.
 Nor was the hunter's craft unknown ;
 In Uri none was seen 10
 To track the rock-frequenting herd
 With eye so true and keen.
 A little son was in his home,
 A laughing fair-haired boy ;
 So strong of limb, so blithe of heart, 15
 He made it ring with joy.

His father's sheep were all his friends,
The lambs he called by name ;
And when they frolicked in the fields,
The child would share the game.

20

So peacefully their hours were spent
That life had scarce a sorrow ;
They took the good of every day,
And hoped for more to-morrow.

But oft some shining April morn
Is darkened in an hour ;
And blackest griefs o'er joyous homes,
Alas ! unseen may lower.

25

Not yet on Switzerland had dawned
Her day of liberty ;
The stranger's yoke was on her sons,
And pressed right heavily.

30

So one was sent, in luckless hour,
To rule in Austria's name ;
A haughty man of savage mood—
In pomp and pride he came.

35

One day, in wantonness of power,
He set his cap on high :—
“ Bow down, ye slaves,” the order ran ;
“ Who disobeys shall die !”

40

It chanced that William Tell that morn
Had left his cottage home,
And, with his little son in hand,
To Altdorf town had come.

· 45

For oft the boy had eyed the spoil
His father homeward bore,
And prayed to join the hunting crew,
When they should roam for more.

And often on some merry night,
When wondrous feats were told,
He longed his father's bow to take,
And be a hunter bold.

So towards the chamois' haunts they went,—
 One sang his childish songs,
 The other brooded mournfully,
 O'er Uri's griefs and wrongs.

55

Tell saw the crowd, the lifted cap,
The tyrant's angry frown ;
And heralds shouted in his ear,
" Bow down, ye slaves, bow down." 60

Stern Gesler marked the peasant's mien,
And watched to see him fall;
But never palm-tree straighter stood
Than Tell before them all.

“My knee shall bend,” he calmly said, 65
 “To God, and God alone:
 My life is in the Austrian’s hand,
 My conscience is my own.”

“Seize him, ye guards !” the ruler cried,
While passion choked his breath ; 70
“He mocks my power, he braves my lord,—
He dies the traitor’s death.

“ Yet wait. The Swiss are marksmen true,—
So all the world doth say ;
That fair-haired stripling hither bring,
We'll try their skill to-day.”

75

Hard by a spreading lime-tree stood,
To this the youth was bound ;
They placed an apple on his head ;—
He looked in wonder round.

80

“ The fault is mine, if fault there be,”
Cried Tell, in accents wild ;
“ On manhood let your vengeance fall,
But spare, oh, spare my child !”

“ I will not harm the pretty boy,”
Said Gesler, tauntingly ;
“ If blood of his shall stain the ground,
Yours will the murder be.

85

“ Draw tight your bow, my cunning man,
Your straightest arrow take !
For know, yon apple is your mark,
Your liberty the stake.”

90

A mingled noise of wrath and grief
Was heard among the crowd ;
The men they muttered curses deep,
The women wept aloud.

95

Full fifty paces from his child,
His cross-bow in his hand,
With lip compress'd, and flashing eye,
Tell firmly took his stand.

100

Sure, full enough of pain and woe
This crowded earth has been ;
But never since the curse began,
So sad a sight was seen.

The noble boy stood bravely up, 105
His cheek unblanched with fear :
"Shoot straight," he cried ; "thine aim is sure,
It will not fail thee here."

"Heaven bless thee now," the parent said,
"Thy courage shames me quite ;" 110
Then to his ear the shaft he drew,
And watched its whizzing flight.

"'Tis done ! 'tis done !—the child is safe !"
Shouted the multitude ;
"Man tramples on his brother man, 115
But God is ever good."

For, sure enough, the arrow went
As by an angel guided ;
In pieces two, beneath the tree,
The apple fell divided ! 120

"'Twas bravely done," the ruler said,
"My plighted word I keep ;
'Twas bravely done by sire and son—
Go home and feed your sheep."

"No thanks I give thee for thy boon" 125
The peasant coldly said :
"To God alone my praise is due,
And duly shall be paid."

“Yet know, proud man, thy fate was near :
 Had I but missed my aim, 130
 Not unavenged my child had died,
 Thy parting hour the same !

“For, see ! a second shaft was here,
 If harm my boy befell :
 Now go, and bless the heavenly powers 135
 My first has sped so well.”

God helped the right, God spared the sin
 He brings the proud to shame ;
 He guards the weak against the strong,—
 Praise to His holy name ! 140

J. H. GURNEY.

Contest between Nose and Eyes.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
 The spectacles set them unhappily wrong ;
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
 To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause 5
 With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of
 learning ;

While Chief Baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
 So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

“In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
 And your lordship,” he said, “will undoubtedly
 find, 10

That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
 Which amounts to possession time out of mind.”

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—

“Your lordship observes they are made with a
straddle,

As wide as the ridge of the Nose is ; in short, 15

Designed to sit close to it just like a saddle.

“Again, would your lordship a moment suppose

(’Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)

That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,

Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles
then ? 20

“On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,

With a reasoning the court will never condemn,

That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,

And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.”

Then shifting his side, as the lawyer knows how, 25

He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes :

But what were his arguments few people know,

For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,

Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*— 30

That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,

By daylight or candlelight—Eyes should be shut !

WILLIAM COWPER.

The Battle of Blenheim.

It was a summer evening ;

Old Kaspar’s work was done,

And he before his cottage door

Was sitting in the sun ;

And by him sported on the green, 5

His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother, Peterkin,
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet,
In playing there had found ; 10
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head, 15
And with a natural sigh,
“ ’Tis some poor fellow’s skull,” said he,
“ Who fell in the great victory.”

“ I find them in the garden, for
There’s many here about, 20
And often when I go to plough
The ploughshare turns them out ;
For many thousand men,” said he,
“ Were slain in that great victory.”

“ Now, tell us what ’twas all about,” 25
Young Peterkin, he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
“ Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for.” 30

“ It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
“ That put the French to rout ;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out ;
But everybody said,” quoth he, 35
“ That ’twas a famous victory.”

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly : 40
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then, 45
And new-born infant, died :
But things like that, you know, must be,
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won, 50
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won, 55
And our good Prince Eugene ;"—
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !"
Said little Wilhelmine.

"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory." 60

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last ?"

Quoth little Peterkin,
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he, 65
"But 'twas a famous victory."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The Use of Flowers.

GOD might have made the earth bring forth
 Enough for great and small,
 The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
 Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough—enough 5
 For every want of ours—
 For luxury, medicine, and toil,
 And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
 Requireth none to grow, 10
 Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
 To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
 The nightly dews might fall,
 And the herb that keepeth life in man 15
 Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
 All dyed with rainbow light,
 All fashioned with supremest grace,
 Upspringing day and night;— 20

Springing in valleys green and low,
 And on the mountains high,
 And in the silent wilderness
 Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not; 25
 Then, wherefore had they birth?
 To minister delight to man,
 To beautify the earth.

To comfort man, to whisper hope
 Whene'er his faith is dim ; 30
 For who so careth for the flowers
 Will much more care for him.

MARY HOWITT.

On the Loss of the Royal George.

WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED.

TOLL for the brave !
 The brave that are no more !
 All sunk beneath the wave,
 Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave, 5
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel,
 And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
 And she was overset ; 10
 Down went the Royal George,
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
 His last sea-fight is fought ; 15
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle :
 No tempest gave the shock ;
 She sprang no fatal leak ;
 She ran upon no rock. 20

His sword was in its sheath ;
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up, 25
 Once dreaded by our foes !
 And mingle with our cup
 The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again, 30
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er ;
 And he and his eight hundred 35
 Shall plough the wave no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

The Turkey and the Ant.

In other men we faults can spy,
 And blame the mote that dims their eye,
 Each little speck and blemish find,
 To our own stronger errors blind.

A turkey tired of common food, 5
 Forsook the barn and sought the wood ;
 Behind her ran her infant train,
 Collecting here and there a grain.

"Draw near, my birds," the mother cries,
 "This hill delicious fare supplies ; 10
 Behold, the busy negro race,
 See, millions blacken all the place !

“ Fear not, like me with freedom eat ;
 An ant is most delightful meat,
 How bless'd, how envied were our life, 15
 Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife!

“ But man, cursed man, on turkey preys,
 And Christmas shortens all our days :
 Sometimes with oysters we combine,
 Sometimes assist the savoury chine. 20

“ From the low peasant to the lord,
 The turkey smokes on every board,
 Sure men for gluttony are curst,
 Of the seven deadly sins the worst.”

An ant, who climbed beyond his reach, 25
 Thus answered from a neighbouring beech :
 “ Ere you remark another's sin,
 Bid thine own conscience look within ;
 Control thy more voracious bill,
 Nor for a breakfast nations kill.” 30

JOHN GAY

Father William.

You are old, Father William,” the young man cried,
 “ The few locks which are left you are grey ;
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

In the days of my youth” Father William replied, 5
 “ I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
 And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
 That I never might need them at last.”

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away ; 10
And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remember'd that youth could not last ;
I thought of the future whatever I did, 15
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hastening away ;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death,
Now tell me the reason, I pray." 20

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied,
"Let the cause thy attention engage ;
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God,
And He hath not forgotten my age."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The Mountain and the Squirrel.

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little prig";
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,

You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry :
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ ; all is well and wisely put
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

R. W. EMERSON.

The Miller of the Dee.

THERE dwelt a miller hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee,
He wrought and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he,
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be,
"I envy nobody, no, not I,
And nobody envies me."

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend!" said old King Hal,
"Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be ;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the King,
Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled, and doffed his cap :
"I earn my bread," quoth he ;
"I love my wife, I love my friends,
I love my children three ;

I owe no penny I cannot pay,

I thank the river Dee,

That turns the mill that grinds the corn,

To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend!" said Hal, and sighed the while, 25

"Farewell! and happy be;

But say no more if thou'dst be true,

That no one envies thee.

Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,—

Thy mill, my kingdom's fee! 30

Such men as thou are England's boast,

O miller of the Dee!"

CHARLES MACKAY.

Casabianca.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,

Whence all but he had fled;

The flame that lit the battle's wreck

Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood, 5

As born to rule the storm;

A creature of heroic blood,

A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go

Without his father's word; 10

That father, faint in death below,

His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud:—"Say, father, say

If yet my task is done!"

He knew not that the chieftain lay 15

Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,

"If I may yet be gone!"

And but the booming shots replied,

And fast the flames roll'd on.

20

Upon his brow he felt their breath,

And in his waving hair,

And look'd from that lone post of death,

In still, yet brave, despair:

And shouted but once more aloud,

25

"My father! must I stay?"

While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,

The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,

They caught the flag on high,

30

And streamed above the gallant child,

Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—

The boy—Oh! where was he?

Ask of the winds that far around

35

With fragments strewed the sea,—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,

That well had borne their part;

But the noblest thing that perished there

Was that young and faithful heart.

40

HEMANS.

The Swallow.

SWALLOW! that on rapid wing

Sweep'st along in sportive ring,

Now here, now there, now low, now high,

Chasing keen the painted fly;—

Could I skim away with thee
Over land and over sea,
What streams would flow, what cities rise,
What landscapes dance before mine eyes!
First from England's southern shore
'Cross the Channel we would soar,
And our venturous course advance
To the plains of sprightly France;
Sport among the feathered choir
On the verdant banks of Loire;
Skim Garonne's majestic tide,
Where Bordeaux adorns his side;
Cross the towering Pyrenees,
'Mid myrtle groves and orange trees;
Enter then the wild domain
Where wolves prowl round the flocks of Spain;
Where silkworms spin, and olives grow,
And mules plod surely on and slow.
Steering thus for many a day
Far to south our course away,
From Gibraltar's rocky steep,
Dashing o'er the foaming deep,
On sultry Afric's fruitful shore
We'd rest at length, our journey o'er,
Till vernal gales should gently play,
To waft us on our homeward way.

LUCY AIKEN.

The Nightingale and the Glow-worm.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,

Began to feel, as well he might, 5
 The keen demands of appetite ;
 When, looking eagerly around,
 He spied far off, upon the ground,
 A something shining in the dark,
 And knew the glow-worm by his spark ; 10
 So stooping down from hawthorn top,
 He thought to put him in his crop.
 The worm, aware of his intent,
 Harangued him thus, right eloquent :
 " Did you admire my lamp," quoth he, 15
 " As much as I your minstrelsy,
 You would abhor to do me wrong,
 As much as I to spoil your song ;
 For 'twas the self-same Power divine
 Taught you to sing and me to shine ; 20
 That you with music, I with light,
 Might beautify and cheer the night."
 The songster heard his short oration,
 And warbling out his approbation,
 Released him, as my story tells, 25
 And found a supper somewhere else.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Lines on the Locust.

THE locust is fierce, and strong, and grim,
 And an armèd man is afraid of him :
 He comes like a wingèd shape of dread,
 With his shielded back and his hornèd head
 And his double wings for hasty flight, 5
 And a keen unwearying appetite.

He comes with famine and fear along,
 An army of millions, millions strong;
 The Goth and the Vandal and dwarfish Hun,
 With their swarming people, wild and dun, 10
 Brought not the dread that the locust brings,
 When is heard the rush of his myriad wings.

From the deserts of burning sand they speed,
 Where the lions roam and the serpents breed,
 Far over the sea away, away ! 15
 And they darken the sun at noon of day.
 Like Eden the land in front they find,
 But they leave it a desolate waste behind.

The peasant grows pale when he sees them come,
 And standeth before them weak and dumb ; 20
 For they come like a raging fire in power
 And devour a year's labour in half an hour ;
 And the trees are bare and the land is brown,
 As if trampled and trod by an enemy down.

There is terror in every monarch's eye, 25
 When he hears that this terrible foe is nigh ;
 For he knows that the might of an armed host
 Cannot drive the spoiler from out his coast,—
 That terror and famine his land await,
 And that all his domains will be desolate. 30

The ravening locust is strong and grim ;
 And what were an armed man to him ?
 Fire turns him not, nor sea prevents,
 He is stronger by far than the elements !
 The broad green earth is his prostrate prey, 35
 And he darkens the sun at the noon of day !

MARY HOWITT.

The Inchcape Rock.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock, 5
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The good old abbot of Aberbrothok
Had floated that bell on the Inchcape Rock; 10
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock, 15
And blessed the abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled around,
And there was joyance in the sound. 20

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring; 25
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,—
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the bell and float;
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat, 30
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat, 35
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles arose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to the
rock,
Will not bless the abbot of Aberbrothok." 40

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspread the sky, 45
They could not see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land; 50
Quoth Sir Ralph, " It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

" Canst hear," said one, " the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore;
" Now, where we are, I cannot tell, 55
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong,
 Though the wind has fallen they drift along,
 Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
 “Oh Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!” 60

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
 He curst himself in wild despair;
 But the waves rush in on every side,
 And the vessel sinks beneath the tide.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The Shepherd and the Philosopher.

REMOTE from cities lived a swain,
 Unvexed with all the cares of gain;
 His head was silvered o'er with age,
 And long experience made him sage;
 In summer's heat, and winter's cold, 5
 He fed his flock and penned the fold;
 His hours in cheerful labour flew,
 Nor envy nor ambition knew;
 His wisdom and his honest fame
 Through all the country raised his name. 10

A deep philosopher, (whose rules
 Of moral life were drawn from schools,)
 The shepherd's homely cottage sought,
 And thus explored his reach of thought:
 “Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil 15
 O'er books consumed the midnight oil?
 Hast thou old Greece and Rome surveyed,
 And the vast sense of Plato weighed?
 Hath Socrates thy soul refined,

And hast thou fathomed Tully's mind ? 20
 Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown
 By various fates, on realms unknown,
 Hast thou through many cities strayed,
 Their customs, laws, and manners weighed ? ”

The shepherd modestly replied, 25

“ I ne'er the paths of learning tried ;
 Nor have I roamed in foreign parts
 To read mankind, their laws and arts ;
 For man is practised in disguise,
 He cheats the most discerning eyes, 30

Who by that search shall wiser grow,
 When we ourselves can never know ?
 The little knowledge I have gained,
 Was all from simple nature trained ;
 Hence my life's maxims took their rise, 35
 Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee
 Awoke my soul to industry.

Who can observe the careful ant,
 And not provide for future want ? 40

My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
 With gratitude inflames my mind ;
 I mark his true, his faithful way,
 And in my service copy Tray.

In constancy and nuptial love; 45
 I learn my duty from the dove.

The hen, who from the chilly air,
 With pious wing protects her care ;
 And every fowl that flies at large,
 Instructs me in a parent's charge. 50

“ From nature, too, I take my rule,
 To shun contempt and ridicule.

I never with important air,
 In conversation overbear.
 Can grave and formal pass for wise, 55
 When men the solemn owl despise ?
 My tongue within my lips I rein ;
 For who talks much must talk in vain.
 We from the wordy torrent fly :
 Who listens to the chattering pye ? 60
 Nor would I with felonious flight,
 By stealth invade my neighbour's right ;
 Rapacious animals we hate :
 Kites, hawks, and wolves deserve their fate.
 Do not we just abhorrence find 65
 Against the toad and serpent kind ?
 But envy, calumny, and spite,
 Bear stronger venom in their bite.
 Thus every object of creation
 Can furnish hints to contemplation ; 70
 And from the most minute and mean,
 A virtuous mind can morals glean."

GAY.

Beth Gelert.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
 And brightly smiled the morn ;
 And many a brach, and many a hound,
 Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast, 5
 And gave a lustier cheer ;
 "Come, Gelert, come ; wert never last,
 Llewelyn's horn to hear !"

Oh! where does faithful Gelert roam,
The pride of all his race : 10
So true, so brave ;—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase ?

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed ;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord, 15
And sentinelled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John ;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on. 20

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries !

That day Llewelyn little loved 25
The chase of hart or hare ;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,
When near the portal seat, 30
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood ;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore ; 35
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise ;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet. 40

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed,
(And on went Gelert too,)
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found, 45
With blood-stained covert rent ;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied—
He searched with terror wild ; 50
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child !

“Hell-hound ! by thee my child's devoured,”
The frantic father cried ;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword 55
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart ;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart. 60

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh :
What words the father's joy can tell,
To hear his infant's cry !

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kissed. 65

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread ;
But the same couch beneath, 70
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death !

Ah ! what was then Llewelyn's pain !
For now the truth was clear ;
The gallant hound the wolf had slain, 75
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe ;
" Best of thy kind, adieu !
The frantic blow that laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue." 80

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked ;
And marbles, storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass, 85
Or forester, unmoved ;
Here, oft the tear besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear ;
And, as the evening fell, 90
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

Alexander Selkirk.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude ! where are the charms 5
That sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone, 10
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see ;
They are so unacquainted with man, 15
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again ! 20
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold 25
Resides in that heavenly word !
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.

But the sound of thê church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard, 30
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report 35
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends,—do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see. 40

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-wingèd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land, 45
In a moment I seem to be there ;
But alas ! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair, 50
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought !
Gives even affliction a grace, 55
And reconciles man to his lot.

The Eagle and the Assembly of Animals.

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye
Surveyed the worlds beneath the sky,
From this small speck of earth were sent
Murmurs and sounds of discontent;
For everything alive complained 5
That he the hardest life sustained.
Jove calls his eagle. At the word
Before him stands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from heaven's height,
Downward directs his rapid flight, 10
Then cited every living thing
To hear the mandates of his king;
'Ungrateful creatures, whence arise
These murmurs which offend the skies?
Why this disorder? Say the cause, 15
For just are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his discontent reveal;
To you, sour dog, I first appeal.'
'Hard is my lot,' the hound replies,
'On what fleet nerves the greyhound flies, 20
While I, with weary step and slow,
O'er plains and vales and mountains go;
The morning sees my chase begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun.'
'When,' says the greyhound, 'I pursue, 25
My game is lost or caught in view;
Beyond my sight the prey's secure,
The hound is slow but always sure,
And had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.' 30
The lion craved the fox's art,

The fox the lion's force and heart ;
 The cock implored the pigeon's flight,
 Whose wings were rapid, strong and light ;
 The pigeon strength of wing despised, 35
 And the cock's matchless valour prized ;
 The fishes wished to graze the plain,
 The beasts to skim beneath the main ;
 Thus envious of another's state,
 Each blamed the partial hand of Fate. 40

The bird of heaven then cried aloud,—
 ' Jove bids disperse the murmuring crowd,
 The god rejects your idle prayers ;
 Would ye, rebellious mutineers,
 Entirely change your name and nature, 45
 And be the very envied creature ?
 What ! silent all, and none consent ;
 Be happy, then, and learn content,
 Nor imitate the restless mind,
 And proud ambition of mankind.' 50

GAY.

Bruce and the Spider.

KING BRUCE of Scotland flung himself down,
 In a lonely mood to think ;
 True, he was a monarch, and wore a crown,
 But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed, 5
 To make his people glad ;
 He had tried and tried, but could not succeed,
 And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
 As grieved as man could be: 10
 And after a while he pondered there,—
 “I’ll give it all up,” said he.

Now just at the moment a spider dropped,
 With its silken filmy clew;
 And the king in the midst of his thinking stopped 15
 To see what the spider would do.

’Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
 And it hung by a rope so fine,
 That how it would get to its cobweb home
 King Bruce could not divine. 20

It soon began to cling and crawl
 Straight up with strong endeavour;
 But down it came with a slipping sprawl,
 As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, nor a second did stay, 25
To utter the least complaint,
 Till it fell still lower; and there it lay
 A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
 And travelled a half yard higher; 30
 ’Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
 And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell, and swung below;
 But up it quickly mounted,
 Till up and down, now fast, now slow, 35
 Nine brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," said the king, "that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling
And tumbles every time."

40

But up the insect went once more;
Ah me! 'tis an anxious minute:
He's only a foot from his cobweb door;
Oh, say, will he lose or win it?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got,
And a bold little run at the very last pinch
Put him into his native cot.

45

"Bravo! bravo!" the king cried out;
"All honour to those who try;
The spider up there defied despair;
He conquered, and why should not I?"

50

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before,
And that time he did not fail.

55

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
And beware of saying, "I can't";
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To idleness, folly, and want.

60

Whenever you find your heart despair
Of doing some goodly thing,
Con over this strain, try bravely again,
And remember the Spider and King.

ELIZA COOK.

The Hare and the Tortoise.

A FORWARD hare, of swiftness vain,
The genius of the neighbouring plain,
Would oft deride the drudging crowd;
For geniuses are ever proud.
He'd boast his flight 'twere vain to follow, 5
For dog and horse he'd beat them hollow;
Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
Outstrip his brethren half a length!
A tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation: 10
'O puss! it bodes thee dire disgrace
When I defy thee to a race.
Come, 'tis a match—nay, no denial;
I lay my shell upon the trial!' 15
'Twas 'done,' and 'done,' 'all fair,' a 'bet,'
Judges prepared, and distance set.
The scampering hare outstripped the wind;
The creeping tortoise lagged behind,
And scarce had passed a single pole
When puss had almost reached the goal. 20
'Friend tortoise,' quoth the jeering hare,
'Your burden's more than you can bear;
To help your speed it were as well
That I should ease you of your shell:
Jog on a little faster, pr'ythee; 25
I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.'
The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
But still resolved to persevere;
On to the goal securely crept,
While puss unknowing soundly slept. 30
The bets were won, the hare awoke,

When thus the victor tortoise spoke :
'Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
Things are not always done by starts.
You may deride my awkward pace,
But slow and steady wins the race.'

35

LLOYD.

The Street of By-and-Bye.

OH, shun the spot, my youthful friends,
I urge you to beware !
Beguiling is the pleasant way,
And softly breathes the air ;
Yet none have ever passed to scenes
Ennobling, great, and high,
Who once began to linger
In the street of By-and-bye.

5

How varied are the images
Arising to my sight,
Of those who wished to shun the wrong,
Who loved and prized the right !
Yet from the silken bonds of sloth
They vainly strove to fly,
Which held them gently prisoned
In the street of By-and-bye.

10

15

A youth aspired to climb the height
Of Learning's lofty hill ;
What dimmed his bright intelligence ?
What quelled his earnest will ?
Why did the object of his quest
Still mock his wistful eye ?—

20

Too long, alas ! he tarried
 In the street of By-and-bye !

“ My projects thrive,” the merchant said ;— 25

“ When doubled is my store
 How freely shall my ready gold
 Be showered among the poor ! ”

Vast grew his wealth, yet strove he not
 The mourner’s tear to dry ;— 30

He never journeyed onward
 From the street of By-and-bye !

“ Forgive thy erring brother,
 He has wept and suffered long ! ”

I said to one ; who answered— 35

“ He hath done me grievous wrong ;
 Yet I will seek my brother,
 And forgive him ere I die : ”

Alas ! Death shortly found him
 In the street of By-and-bye ! 40

The wearied wordling muses

Upon lost and wasted days,
 Resolved to turn hereafter

From the error of his ways,
 To lift his grovelling thoughts from earth, 45
 And fix them on the sky ;

Why does he linger fondly
 In the street of By-and-bye ?

Then shun the spot, my youthful friends ;

Work on while yet you may ; 50

Let not old age o’ertake you
 As you slothfully delay,

Lest you should gaze around you,
 And discover with a sigh,
 You have reached the house of "Never"— 55
 By the street of By-and-bye!

MRS. ABDY.

Hohenlinden.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight, 5
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each horseman drew his battle blade, 10
 And furious every charger neighed,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
 And louder than the bolts of heaven, 15
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
 On Linden's hills of stained snow,
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly. 20

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave, 25
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part, where many meet,
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet, 30
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

CAMPBELL.

The Chameleon.

Two travellers in friendly chat
 Now talked of this, and then of that;
 Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
 "A stranger animal," cries one, 5
 "Sure never lived beneath the sun;
 A lizard's body, lean and long,
 A fish's head, a serpent's tongue;
 Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
 And what a length of tail behind! 10
 How slow its pace! And then its hue!
 Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold there," the other quick replies,
 "'Tis green; I saw it with these eyes,
 As late with open mouth it lay, 15
 And warmed it in the sunny ray;
 Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed
 And saw it eat the air for food."

"I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
 And must again affirm 'tis blue; 20

At leisure I the beast surveyed
Extended in the cooling shade."

" 'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure ye : "
" Green ! " cries the other in a fury—
" Why, Sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes ? " 25
" 'Twere no great loss," the friend replies,
" For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them of but little use."
So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows ; 30
When luckily came by a third—
To him the question they referred,
And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green, or blue.
" Sirs," cries the umpire, " cease your pother, 35
The creature's neither one nor t'other :
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candle-light.
I marked it well,—it's black as jet ;
You stare,—but, Sirs, I've got it yet, 40
And can produce it." " Pray, Sir, do,
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
" And I'll be sworn, that, when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
" Well then, at once to solve the doubt," 45
Replies the man, " I'll turn him out ;
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him.—"
He said : then full before their sight,
Produced the beast, and lo ! 'twas white ! 50
Both start ; the man looks wondrous wise.—
" My children," the Chameleon cries,
(Then first the creature found a tongue,)

“You all are right, and all are wrong ;
When next you talk of what you view, 55
Think others see as well as you ;
Nor wonder, if you find that none
Prefers your eye-sight to his own.”

JAMES MERRICK.

Lord Ullin's Daughter.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, “ Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry.”—

“ Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle, 5
This dark and stormy water ? ”

“ O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

“ And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together, 10
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

“ His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride, 15
When they have slain her lover ? ”—

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
“ I'll go, my chief—I'm ready :—
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady : 20

“ And by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;

So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."—

By this the storm grew loud apace, 25
The water-wraith was shrieking,
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer, 30
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.—

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies, 35
But not an angry father."—

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.— 40

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.—

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade, 45
His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water: 50
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—oh my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
 Return or aid preventing:—
 The waters wild went o'er his child,— 55
 And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

My Good Right Hand.

I FELL into grief, and began to complain;
 I looked for a friend, but I sought him in vain;
 Companions were shy, and acquaintance were cold,
 They gave me good counsel, but dreaded their gold.
 "Let them go," I exclaimed: "I've a friend at my side, 5
 To lift me, and aid me, whatever betide.
 To trust to the world is to build on the sand:—
 I'll trust but in Heaven and my good Right Hand."

My courage revived, in my fortune's despite,
 And my hand was as strong as my spirit was light; 10
 It raised me from sorrow, it saved me from pain:
 It fed me, and clad me, again and again.
 The friends who had left me came back every one,
 And darkest advisers looked bright as the sun;
 I need them no more, as they all understand,— 15
 I thank thee, I trust thee, my good Right Hand!

CHARLES MACKAY.

The Clock and the Dial.

It happened on a cloudy morn,
 A self-conceited clock, in scorn
 A dial thus bespoke:—
 "My learned friend! if in thy power,
 Tell me exactly what's the hour;— 5
 I am upon the stroke."

The modest dial thus replied :—

“That point I cannot now decide,

The sun is in the shade ;

My information drawn from him,

10

I wait till his enlivening beam

Shall be again displayed.”

“Wait for him, then,” returned the clock,

“I am not that dependent block,

His counsel to implore ;

15

One winding serves me for a week,

And, hearken ! how the truth I speak,

Ding, ding, ding, ding, just four.”

While thus the boaster was deriding,

And magisterially deciding,

20

A sunbeam clear, and strong,

Showed on the line three quarters more,

And that the clock in striking four,

Had told his story wrong.

On this the dial calmly said,—

25

(More prompt to advise than to upbraid,)

“Friend, go, be regulated !

Thou answer'st without hesitation,

But he who trusts thy calculation

Will frequently be cheated.

30

Observe my practice, shun pretence,—

Not confidence, but evidence

An answer meet supplies ;

Blush not to say, ‘I cannot tell,’

Not speaking much, but speaking well

35

Denotes the truly wise.”

ANTHONY H. DE LA MOTTE.

A Farewell.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you—

No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol 5

Than lark who hails the dawn or breezy down,
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long; 10
And so make life, death, and that vast For Ever
One grand sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The Aspirations of Youth.

HIGHER, higher will we climb,
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story:
Happy, when her welfare calls, 5
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and Learning's spoil
Win from school and college; 10
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty;

Virtue is true happiness, 15
 Excellence true beauty ;
 Minds are of celestial birth,
 Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
 Hearts and hands together, 20
 Where our fireside-comforts sit
 In the wildest weather :—
 O, they wander wide who roam
 For the joys of life from home.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

Arnold Winkelried.

IN arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
 A living wall, a human wood ;
 Impregnable their front appears,
 All horrent with projecting spears.
 Opposed to these, a scanty band 5
 Contended for their Fatherland ;
 Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
 From manly necks the ignoble yoke ;
 Marshalled once more at Freedom's call,
 They came to conquer or to fall. 10

And now the work of life and death
 Hung on the passing of a breath ;
 The fire of conflict burned within ;
 The battle trembled to begin :
 Yet, while the Austrians held their ground, 15
 Point for assault was nowhere found :
 Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
 The unbroken line of lances blazed ;

That line 'twere suicide to meet
And perish at their tyrants' feet. 20
How could they rest within their graves,
To leave their homes, the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread,
With clanking chains, above their head?

It must not be; this day, this hour, 25
Annihilates the invaders' power!
All Switzerland is in the field;
She will not fly; she cannot yield;
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date. 30
Few were the numbers she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as 'twere a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone;
While each unto himself was he 35
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one indeed;
Behold him—Arnold Winkelried;
There sounds not to the trump of Fame
The echo of a nobler name. 40
Unmarked, he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And, by the motion of his form, 45
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.
But 'twas no sooner thought than done—
The field was in a moment won! 50

"Make way for Liberty!" he cried;
 Then ran with arms extended wide,
 As if his dearest friend to clasp;
 Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
 "Make way for Liberty!" he cried; 55
 Their keen points crossed from side to side,
 He bowed amongst them like a tree,
 And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly—
 "Make way for Liberty!" they cry; 60
 And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
 As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
 While, instantaneous as his fall,
 Rout, ruin, panic seized them all:
 An earthquake could not overthrow 65
 A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
 Thus Death made way for Liberty.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Dog and the Water-Lily.

NO FABLE.

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
 Swept Ouse's silent tide,
 When, 'scaped from literary cares,
 I wandered on his side.
 My spaniel, prettiest of his race, 5
 And high in pedigree,
 (Two nymphs adorned with every grace
 That spaniel found for me,)

Now wantoned, lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into sight, 10
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse displayed
His lilies newly blown ;
Their beauties I intent surveyed 15
And one I wished my own.

With cane extended far, I sought
To steer it close to land ;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand. 20

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains
With fixed considerate face,
And puzzling set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a chirrup clear and strong 25
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and followed long
The windings of the stream.

My ramble ended, I returned ;
Beau, trotting far before, 30
The floating wreath again discerned,
And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropped
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropped 35
The treasure at my feet.

Charmed with the sight, "The world," I cried,
 "Shall hear of this thy deed :
 My dog shall mortify the pride
 Of man's superior breed :

40

"But chief myself I will enjoin,
 Awake at duty's call,
 To show a love as prompt as thine
 To Him who gives me all."

WILLIAM COWPER.

The Fountain.

INTO the sunshine,
 Full of the light,
 Leaping and flashing
 From morn to night !—

Into the moonlight,
 Whiter than snow,
 Waving so flower-like
 When the winds blow !—

5

Into the starlight
 Rushing in spray,
 Happy at midnight,
 Happy by day !—

10

Ever in motion,
 Blithesome and cheery,
 Still climbing heavenward,
 Never a-weary ;—

15

Glad of all weathers,
 Still seeming best,
 Upward or downward,
 Motion thy rest ;—

20

Full of a nature
 Nothing can tame,
 Changed every moment,
 Ever the same.

Ceaseless aspiring, 25
 Ceaseless content,
 Darkness or sunshine
 Thy element ;—

Glorious fountain !
 Let my heart be 30
 Fresh, changeful, constant,
 Upward, like thee !

J. R. LOWELL.

Napoleon and the British Sailor.

I LOVE contemplating—apart
 From all his homicidal glory—
 The traits that soften to our heart
 Napoleon's story !

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne 5
 Armed in our island every freeman,
 His navy chanced to capture one
 Poor British seaman.

They suffer'd him—I know not how—
 Unprisoned on the shore to roam ; 10
 And aye was bent his longing brow
 On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
 Of birds to Britain half-way over
 With envy ; *they* could reach the white, 15
 Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
 Than this sad state would have been dearer,
 If but the storm his vessel brought
 To England nearer.

20

At last, when care had banish'd sleep,
 He saw one morning—dreaming—doating,
 An empty hogshead from the deep
 Come shoreward floating ;

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
 The live-long day laborious, lurking,
 Until he launched a tiny boat
 By mighty working.

25

Heaven help us ! 'twas a thing beyond
 Description wretched : such a wherry
 Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
 Or cross'd a ferry.

30

For ploughing in the salt-sea field,
 It would have made the boldest shudder ;
 Untarr'd, uncompass'd, and unkeel'd,
 No sail,—no rudder.

35

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
 His sorry skiff with wattled willows ;
 And thus equipp'd he would have pass'd
 The foaming billows ;—

40

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
 His little Argo sorely jeering ;
 Till tidings of him chanced to reach
 Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood, 45
 Serene alike in peace and danger;
 And, in his wonted attitude,
 Address'd the stranger:—

“Rash man, that would'st yon channel pass
 On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned, 50
 Thy heart with some sweet British lass
 Must be impassion'd.”

“I have no sweetheart,” said the lad;
 “But—absent long from one another—
 Great was the longing that I had 55
 To see my mother.”

“And so thou shalt,” Napoleon said,
 “Ye've both my favour fairly won;
 A noble mother must have bred
 So brave a son.” 60

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
 And, with a flag of truce, commanded
 He should be shipp'd to England old,
 And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift 65
 To find a dinner, plain and hearty;
 But never changed the coin and gift
 Of Buonaparté.

CAMPBELL.

The Arab's Farewell to his Steed.

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
 With thy proudly-arched and glossy neck, and dark
 and fiery eye;

Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy wingèd
speed ;

I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my Arab
steed !

Fret not with that impatient hoof, sniff not the breezy
wind, 5

The further that thou fliest now, so far am I behind ;
The stranger has thy bridle rein—thy master hath
his gold ;

Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell ! 'thou'rt sold, my
steed, thou'rt sold.

Farewell ! Those free, untirèd limbs full many a mile
must roam

To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the
stranger's home ; 10

Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and
bed prepare ;

The silky mane I braided once, must be another's care.

The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more
with thee

Shall I gallop through the desert paths where we were
wont to be ;

Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy
plain 15

Some other steed with slower step shall bear me home
again.

Yes, thou must go ! The wild, free breeze, the brilliant
sun and sky,

Thy master's home—from all of these my exiled one
must fly ;

Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step
become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck thy master's
hand to meet. 20

Only in sleep shall I behold thy dark eye glancing
bright;
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and
light;
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer
thy speed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel—thou'rt *sold*, my
Arab steed!

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may
hide, 25
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy
panting side;
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy
indignant pain,
Till careless eyes which rest on thee may count each
starting vein.

Will they ill-use thee? If I thought—but no, it
cannot be,
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle, yet so
free; 30
And yet if haply, when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart
should yearn,
Can the hand which casts thee from it now command
thee to return?

Return!—alas, my Arab steed! what shall thy master do,
When thou, who wert his all of joy, hast vanished from
his view?

. . .

When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through
 the gathering tears 35
 Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false mirage,
 appears ?

Slow and unmounted shall I roam with weary step
 alone,
 Where with fleet step and joyous bound thou oft hast
 borne me on ;
 And, sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and
 sadly think,
 " It was *here* he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw
 him drink ! " 40

When last I saw him drink !—Away ! the fevered
 dream is o'er !

I could not live a day and *know* that we should meet
 no more !

They tempted me, my beautiful ! for hunger's power is
 strong—

They tempted me, my beautiful ! but I have loved too
 long.

Who said that I had given thee up ? who said that
 thou wert sold ? 45

'Tis false ! 'tis false, my Arab steed ! I fling them back
 their gold !

Thus, *thus* I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant
 plains !

Away ! who overtakes us now may claim *thee* for his
 pains !

MRS. NORTON.

The Wreck of the Schooner Hesperus.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax, 5
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth, 10
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
Had sailed the Spanish main,
“ I pray thee, put into yonder port, 15
For I fear a hurricane.

“ Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see ! ”
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he. 20

Colder and colder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east :
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain 25
The vessel in its strength :
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

“Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so ; 30
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow.”—

He wrapped her warm in his seaman’s coat,
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar, 35
And bound her to the mast.

“O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh, say, what may it be ? ”
“’Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast ! ”—
And he steered for the open sea. 40

“O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh, say, what may it be ? ”
“Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea ! ”

“O father ! I see a gleaming light, 45
Oh, say, what may it be ? ”
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies, 50
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave 55
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

60

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

65

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side,
Like the horns of an angry bull.

70

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

75

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

80

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
 In the midnight and the snow !
 Christ save us all from a death like this,
 On the reef of Norman's Woe !

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold :—
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold.
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,
 Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
 The Angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
 And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

The Faithful Bird.

THE Greenhouse is my summer seat;
 My shrubs displaced from that retreat
 Enjoyed the open air;

Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace long, 5
Lived happy prisoners there.

They sang as blithe as finches sing,
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true, 10
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore never missed.

But nature works in every breast,
With force not easily suppressed;
And Dick felt some desires, 15
That, after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
A pass between his wires.

The open windows seemed to invite
The freeman to a farewell flight; 20
But Tom was still confined;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too generous and sincere
To leave his friend behind.

So settling on his cage, by play, 25
And chirp, and kiss, he seemed to say,
"You must not live alone;"—
Nor would he quit that chosen stand
Till I, with slow and cautious hand,
Returned him to his own. 30

O ye, who never taste the joys
Of friendship, satisfied with noise,
Fandango, ball, and rout!

Blush when I tell you how a bird
A prison with a friend preferred
To liberty without.

35

COWPER.

The Soldier's Dream.

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground, overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw, 5
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought, from the battlefield's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track ; 10
'Twas Autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft, 15
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to
part.

My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart. 20

"Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn!"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

CAMPBELL.

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green, 5
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed; 10
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his
pride;

And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf, 15
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown: 20

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

BYRON.

Mahmoud.

THERE came a man, making his hasty moan
Before the Sultan Mahmoud on his throne,
And crying out—"My sorrow is my right,
And I *will* see the Sultan, and to-night."

"Sorrow," said Mahmoud, "is a reverend thing : 5
I recognise its right as king with king ;
Speak on." "A fiend has got into my house,"
Exclaim'd the staring man, "and tortures us :
One of thine officers ;—he comes, the abhorr'd,
And takes possession of my house, my board, 10
My bed :—I have two daughters and a wife ;
And the wild villain comes and makes me mad with
life."

"Is he there now ?" said Mahmoud. "No, he left
The house when I did, of my wits bereft ;
And laugh'd me down the street because I vow'd 15
I'd bring the prince himself to lay him in his shroud.
I'm mad with want, I'm mad with misery,
And oh, thou Sultan Mahmoud, God cries out for
thee !"

The Sultan comforted the man and said,
"Go home, and I will send thee wine and bread, 20
(For he was poor,) and other comforts. Go ;
And should the wretch return let Sultan Mahmoud
know."

In three days' time, with haggard eyes and beard,
And shaken voice, the suitor re-appeared,
And said, "He's come."—Mahmoud said not a word, 25
But rose and took four slaves each with a sword,
And went with the vext man. They reach the place,
And hear a voice and see a female face,
That to the window flutter'd in affright.
"Go in," said Mahmoud, "and put out the light; 30
But tell the females first to leave the room;
And when the drunkard follows them, we come."

The man went in. There was a cry, and hark!
A table falls, the window is struck dark;
Forth rush the breathless women, and behind 35
With curses comes the fiend in desperate mind.
In vain: the sabres soon cut short the strife,
And chop the shrieking wretch, and drink his bloody
life.

"Now light the light," the Sultan cried aloud.
'Twas done; he took it in his hand and bow'd 40
Over the corpse, and look'd upon the face;
Then turn'd and knelt beside it in the place,
And said a prayer, and from his lips there crept
Some gentle words of pleasure, and he wept.

In reverent silence the spectators wait, 45
Then bring him at his call both wine and meat;
And when he had refresh'd his noble heart,
He bade his host be blest, and rose up to depart.

The man amaz'd, all mildness now and tears,
Fell at the Sultan's feet with many prayers, 50
And begg'd him to vouchsafe to tell his slave,
The reason first of that command he gaye

About the light: then when he saw the face,
 Why he knelt down; and lastly how it was
 That fare so poor as his detain'd him in the place. 55

The Sultan said, with much humanity,
 "Since first I heard thee come, and heard thy cry,
 I could not rid me of a dread that one
 By whom such daring villanies were done
 Must be some lord of mine, perhaps a lawless son. 60

Whoe'er he was, I knew my task, but fear'd
 A father's heart, in case the worst appear'd.
 For this I had the light put out. But when
 I saw the face and found a stranger slain,
 I knelt and thank'd the sovereign arbiter, 65
 Whose work I had perform'd through pain and fear,
 And then I rose and was refresh'd with food,
 The first time since thou cam'st and marr'd'st my
 solitude."

LEIGH HUNT.

The Name of England.

THE trumpet of the battle
 Hath a high and thrilling tone;
 And the first deep gun of an ocean fight
 Dread music all its own.

But a mightier power, my England! 5
 Is in that name of thine,
 To strike the fire from every heart
 Along the banner'd line.

Proudly it woke the spirits
 Of yore, the brave and true, 10

When the bow was bent on Cressy's field,
And the yeoman's arrow flew.

And proudly hath it floated
Through the battles of the sea,
When the red-cross flag o'er smoke-wreaths
play'd, 15
Like the lightning in its glee.

On rock, on wave, on bastion,
Its échoes have been known ;
By a thousand streams the hearts lie low,
That have answered to its tone. 20

A thousand ancient mountains
Its pealing note hath stirr'd ;
Sound on, and on, for evermore,
O thou victorious word !

HEMANS.

The Diverting History of John Gilpin.

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED
AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London Town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear, 5
" Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

“To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair. 10

“My sister, and my sister’s child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we.” 15

He soon replied, “I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done. 20

“I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.”

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, “That’s well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.” 25

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O’erjoyed was he to find,
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind. 30

The morning came, the chaise was brought.
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud. 35

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in ;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin. 40

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side 45
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again ;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin, 50
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew, 55
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
" The wine is left behind ! " 60

" Good lack ! " quoth he—" yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound. 65

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true. 70

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw. 75

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed. 80

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein. 85

So stooping down, as needs he must,
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands
And eke with all his might. 90

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got 95
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;
Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig. 100

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly.
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern 105
The bottles he had slung ;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all ; 110
And every soul cried out, " Well done !"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
His fame soon spread around ;
" He carries weight ! " " He rides a race ! " 115
" 'Tis for a thousand pound ! "

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw. 120

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road, 125
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced ; 130
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash 135
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play. 140

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!" 145
They all at once did cry ;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired ;"—
Said Gilpin—"So am I !"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there ! 150
For why ?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly—which brings me to 155
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still. 160

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :

“ What news ? what news ? your tidings tell ; 165
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all ? ”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke ; 170
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke :

“ I came because your horse would come,
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here— 175
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in ; 180

Whence straight he came with hat and wig ;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn 185
Thus showed his ready wit,
" My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

" But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face ; 190
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, " It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton, 195
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
" I am in haste to dine ;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine." 200

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !
For which he paid full dear ;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear ;

205

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig: 210
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

220

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain :
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear, 235
They raised the hue and cry :

“ Stop thief ! stop thief !—a highwayman !
Not one of them was mute ;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit. 240

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space ;
The toll-men thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too, 245
For he got first to town ;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king !
And Gilpin, long live he ! 250
And when he next doth ride abroad
May I be there to see !

COWPER.

☞ The Burial of Sir John Moore.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night, 5
The sods with our bayonets turning,

By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet, nor in shroud, we wound him ; 10
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead, 15
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow ! 20

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done, 25
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory ; 30
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

WOLFE.

The Olive Tree.

SAID an ancient hermit, bending
Half in prayer upon his knee,
“Oil I need for midnight watching,
I desire an olive-tree!”

Then he took a tender sapling, 5
Planted it before his cave,
Spread his trembling hands above it,
As his benison he gave.

But he thought—the rain it needeth
That the root may drink and swell: 10
“God, I pray Thee send Thy shower!”
So a gentle shower fell.

“Lord, I ask for beams of summer,
Cherishing this little child.”
Then the dripping clouds divided, 15
And the sun looked down and smiled.

“Send it frost to brace its tissues,
O my God!” the hermit cried;
Then the plant was bright and hoary,
But at evensong it died. 20

Went the hermit to a brother
Sitting in his rocky cell;
“Thou an olive-tree possessest;
How is this, my brother, tell?

“I have planted one, and prayed, 25
Now for sunshine, now for rain;

God hath granted each petition,
 Yet my olive-tree hath slain !”

Said the other,—“ I entrusted
 To its God my little tree ; 30
 He who made, knew what it needed
 Better than a man like me.

“ Laid I on Him no condition,
 Fixed not ways and means ; so I
 Wonder not *my* olive thriveth, 35
 Whilst *thy* olive-tree did die.”

S. BARING GOULD.

The Way to find out Pride.

PRIDE, ugly pride, sometimes is seen
 By haughty looks, and lofty mien ;
 But oftener it is found that pride
 Loves deep within the heart to hide ;
 And while the looks are mild and fair, 5
 It sits and does its mischief there.
 Now if you really wish to find,
 If pride be lurking in your mind,
 Inquire if you can bear a slight,
 Or patiently give up your right. 10
 Can you submissively consent
 To take reproof and punishment,
 And feel no angry temper start
 In any corner of your heart ?
 Can you at once confess a crime 15
 And promise for another time ?
 Or say you've been in a mistake ;

Nor try some poor excuse to make ;
But freely own that it was wrong
To argue for your side so long ? 20
Flat contradiction can you bear,
When you are right, and know you are ?
Nor flatly contradict again,
But wait or modestly explain,
And tell your reasons one by one ; 25
Nor think of triumph when you've done ;
Can you, in business or in play,
Give up your wishes or your way ?
Or do a thing against your will
For somebody that's younger still ? 30
And never try to overbear,
Nor say a word that is not fair ?
Does laughing at you in a joke
No anger nor revenge provoke ?
But can you laugh yourself and be 35
As merry as the company ?
Or when you find that you could do
The harm to them they did to you,
Can you keep down the wicked thought,
And do exactly as you ought ? 40
Ask all these questions of your heart,
And make it act an honest part ;
And when they've each been fairly tried,
I think you'll own that you have pride.
Some one will suit you as you go, 45
And force your heart to tell you so ;
But if they all should be denied,
Then you're too proud to own your pride.

The Parrot.

A TRUE STORY.

THE deep affections of the breast
 That Heaven to living things imparts
 Are not exclusively possess'd
 By human hearts.

A Parrot, from the Spanish main, 5
 Full young and early caged came o'er,
 With bright wings, to the bleak domain
 Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves where he had won
 His plumage of resplendent hue, 10
 His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
 He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
 A heathery land and misty sky,
 And turn'd on rocks and raging surf 15
 His golden eye.

But petted in our climate cold,
 He lived and chatter'd many a day :
 Until with age, from green and gold
 His wings grew gray. 20

At last when blind, and seeming dumb,
 He scolded, laugh'd, and spoke no more,
 A Spanish stranger chanced to come
 To Mulla's shore ;

He hail'd the bird in Spanish speech, 25
 The bird in Spanish speech replied ;
 Flapp'd round the cage with joyous screech,
 Dropt down, and died.

CAMPBELL.

Excelsior.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner, with the strange device,

Excelsior !

5

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
Flashed like a faulchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,

Excelsior !

10

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,

Excelsior !

15

“Try not the Pass !” the old man said,
“Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide !”
And loud that clarion voice replied,

Excelsior !

20

“O stay !” the maiden said, “and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast !”
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,

Excelsior !

25

“Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche !”

I pledge thee faith, my liege, my Lord!—O! break my father's chain?"

“Rise! rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed
man this day!

Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet
him on his way.”

Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his
steed,

And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foam-
ing speed.

And lo! from far, as on they press'd, there came a
glittering band,

With one that 'mid them stately rode, as a leader in
the land:

“Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth,
is he,

The father,—whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so
long to see.”

His dark eye flash'd, his proud breast heaved, his
cheek's hue came and went;

He reach'd that grey-haired chieftain's side, and there,
dismounting, bent;

A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he
took,—

What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit
shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropped from
his, like lead;—

He look'd up to the face above—the face was of the
dead!

A plume waved o'er that noble brow—the brow was
fix'd and white;—

He met at last his father's eyes—but in them was no
sight!

Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed ; but who
can paint that gaze ?

It hush'd their very hearts, who saw its horror and
amaze ;

They might have chain'd him, as before that stony
form he stood ;

For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his
lips the blood !

" Father ! " at length he murmur'd low, and wept, like
childhood, then ;—

25

Talk not of grief, till thou hast seen the tears of
warlike men.

He thought on all his glorious hopes—on all his high
renown,—

He flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust
sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hand his darkly
mournful brow,

" No more, there is no more," he said, " to lift the
sword for now.

30

My King is false, my hope betray'd, my father—oh !
the worth,

The glory and the loveliness, are passed away from
earth !

" I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire,
beside *thee* yet ;

I would that *there* on Spain's free soil our kindred
blood had met ;

Thou wouldst have known my spirit then, for *thee* my
fields were won ;

35

But thou hast perish'd in thy chains, as if thou had'st
no son."

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized
the Monarch's rein,

Amid the pale bewildered looks of all the courtier
train ;

And with a fierce o'er-mastering grasp, the rearing war-
horse led,

And sternly set them face to face—the King before
the dead !

40

“ Came I not here upon thy pledge, my father's hand
to kiss ?—

Be still, and gaze thou on, false King ! and tell me,
what is this ?

The look, the voice, the heart I sought—Give answer,
where are they ?

If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, put life in this
cold clay !

“ Into these glassy eyes put light,—be still ! keep down
thine ire,—

45

Bid these cold lips a blessing speak :—this earth is
not my sire !

Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my
blood was shed !—

Thou canst not ?—and a King ?—his dust be moun-
tains on thy head ! ”

He loosed the rein ; his slack hand fell ! upon the
silent face

He cast one long, deep, troubled look,—then turn'd
from that sad place !

50

His hope was crush'd, his after fate untold in martial
strain,—

His banners led the spears no more among the hills of
Spain !

HEMANS.

The Graves of a Household.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee;—
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night 5
O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now ?

One 'midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid— 10
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar-shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep ;
He was the loved of all, yet none 15
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
Above the noble slain ;
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain. 20

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played 25
Beneath the same green tree ;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth— 30
Alas for love! if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, O Earth!

HEMANS.

The Traveller's Return.

SWEET to the morning traveller
The song amid the sky,
Where, twinkling in the dewy light,
The skylark soars on high.

And cheering to the traveller 5
The gales that round him play,
When faint and heavily he drags
Along his noontide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sun
Full wearily toils he, 10
The flowing water makes to him
A soothing melody.

And when the evening light decays,
And all is calm around,
There is sweet music to his ear 15
In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

But O! of all delightful sounds
Of evening or of morn,
The sweetest is the voice of love
That welcomes his return. 20

SOUTHEY.

The Three Warnings.

THE tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground ;
 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages
 That love of life increased with years
 So much, that in our later stages, .5
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.
 This great affection to believe,
 Which all confess but few perceive,
 If old assertions can't prevail, 10
 Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
 On neighbour Dodson's wedding-day,
 Death called aside the jocund groom
 With him into another room, 15
 And, looking grave,—“ You must,” says he,
 “ Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.”
 “ With you ! and quit my Susan's side ?
 With you ! ” the hapless husband cried ;
 “ Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard ! 20
 Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared :
 My thoughts on other matters go :
 This is my wedding-day, you know.”

What more he urged, I have not heard :
 His reasons could not well be stronger ; 25
 So Death the poor delinquent spared,
 And left to live a little longer.
 Yet, calling up a serious look,
 His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—

“Neighbour,” he said, “farewell ! no more, 30
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour :
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station, 35
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you’re summoned to the grave ;
Willing for once ; I’ll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve ;
In hopes you’ll have no more to say, 40
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the World will leave.”
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell, 45
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
The willing Muse shall tell.
He chaffered, then he bought and sold, 50
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near :
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace. 55
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life’s dusty road,
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares, 60
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood. 65

Half-killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dodson cries.
"So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
Since I was here before, 70
'Tis six and thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse," the clown rejoined;
"To spare the aged would be kind:
Besides, you promised me Three Warnings, 75
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest; 80
But don't be captious, friend, at least;
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable:
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!" 85

"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies:
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure, to see one's loves and friends, 90
For legs and arms would make amends."

“Perhaps,” says Dodson, “so it might,
But latterly I’ve lost my sight.”

“This is a shocking tale, ’tis true;
But still there’s comfort left for you: 95
Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news.”

“There’s none,” cries he; “and if there were,
I’m grown so deaf, I could not hear.”

“Nay, then,” the spectre stern rejoined, 100

“These are unjustifiable yearnings;
If you are *lame*, and *deaf*, and *blind*,

You’ve had your Three sufficient Warnings;
So come along, no more we’ll part,”
He said, and touched him with his dart. 105
And now old Dodson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

MRS. THRALE.

